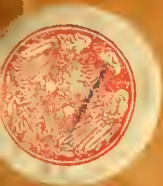


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FAIRMOUNT PARK

EDMUNDS



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FAIRMOUNT PARK

AND

OTHER POEMS


WITH HISTORICAL NOTES

BY

ALBERT J. EDMUNDS

AUTHOR OF BUDDHIST AND CHRISTIAN GOSPELS

(SEE APPENDIX)



PHILADELPHIA

1906

MAURICE BRIX, 129 SOUTH FIFTEENTH STREET

AND

A. J. EDMUNDS, HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF PENNSYLVANIA,
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DEDICATED TO MY MOTHER IN HER SEVENTY-SECOND YEAR

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FAIRMOUNT PARK.

O'er Babylonian garden
And Persian paradise
And Indian ârāmo
My soaring fancy flies ;
Manorial halls of England,
In beechen shadow dark,—
I leave them all, alighting
At length in Fairmount Park.

2.

Thou wild ! I long have loved thee,—
Hardly the work of man,
Except for fringe of railway
And bridges' airy span ;
But maple, pine and cedar
Invoke the soul to soar,
Anticipate her future,
Or muse on heretofore.

3.

With many a friend I've wandered,
For many a year in thee ;
In thee I've thought and written,
Till echoes roll to me,
Reverberant o'er ocean
With words that first were penned
Among thy lordly meadows,
And where thy streams descend.

4

The smoke of Philadelphia,
 A spectral haze afar,
 Can harm me not, protected
 As thine environs are :
 No chapman's vulgar blazon
 May here affront the eye,
 No hearse, nor funeral pageant
 May come this highway nigh.

5.

No swine thy meads may wander,
 Nor goats nor dogs be free :
 Without are such : old symbols
 Of sin depart from thee !
 No hunter's arm may murder
 Or fray thy birds away :
 We here may drink nepenthe
 To kin with beasts of prey.

6.

The weight of our existence
 Thy gentle breezes lift,
 And calm adown the Schuylkill
 A poet's dream may drift ;
 Autumnal tints are glorious
 On Wissahickon Heights
 As all that once to RUSKIN
 Revealed unearthly lights.

7.

The poet of "The Raven"
 Hath mused thy woods among,
 And MOORE hath felt the Schuylkill
 Inspire his tuneful tongue.
 Our classic names what Vandal
 For storied writ condemns,
 When GIBBON ranked the Delaware
 With Ganges and with Thames?

8.

Here FRANKLIN oft hath wandered
 In eighteenth-century calm,
 When Sunday meant a Sabbath
 And care could find a balm;
 While e'en amid the turmoil
 Of our one hundredth year
 The youthful ROCKWELL pondered
 On Orient wisdom here.

9.

Ah, lovely Wissahickon!
 If but the past were thine,
 And Greeks were nigh to worship,
 Thy foam would be divine;
 Within thy noonday twilight
 The muse a shrine would rear,
 And on thy cliffs at evening
 The gods would oft appear.

10.

But Quaker vied with German
 To turn thy stream to gain,
 To churn thy holy waters
 With mills at every lane.
 Then burst the Revolution,
 And Hessian cannon boomed
 Among thy hills, "horrendous"
 To martial soul begloomed.

11.

The mills are now in ruin,
 Gone are the warlike roars,
 And Fairmount Park enfoldeth
 Thy thrice enchanted shores :
 Oh, may some genius guard thee
 From foul invasion now
 By sons of Belial-Jehu
 Before whose gold we bow.

12.

Thy trees, like lines of mountain,
 Serrated high in air,
 Thy broadening pool reposeful,
 Unutterably fair,
 In solitudes of morning
 Exalt the daily round ;
 Yet all this Alpine wildness
 Is in the civic bound.

13.

Could SOCRATES or GOTAMO
 In contemplation walk
 Beneath thy fiery woodland,
 And by thy waters talk,
 The shades that erst were hallowed
 By WASHINGTON and PENN
 Were fitting Academies
 To hve new thought for men.

14.

When BUDDHA 'neath the sāl-trees
 Which, all one mass of bloom
 With blossoms out of season,
 Shed o'er him their perfume,
 With ĀNANDO beside him,
 Composed himself to die,
 The prophet of the open air
 By no means bade good-bye.

15.

For us the sacred heir-loom,
 From PLATO in the Grove
 And JESUS on the mountain,
 The weft of Scripture wove ;
 And in the long hereafter
 Who knows what thunder-voice,
 In Pennsylvanian gardens,
 May make the world rejoice ?

16.

Not only beating hammers
 And rush of railway roar
 Shall wake thy rural echoes,
 As now, for evermore :
 The dream of man will alter
 When, through titanic rifts
 In cloudy lines of battle,
 The ages' drama shifts.

17.

When mines are spent, and millions
 Obey the ancient law,
 Avaunt the "steeple-chimney"
 CARLYLE beheld with awe ;
 No more the pall in heaven,
 No more the stream defiled,
 For man shall then be master,
 And yet eternal child.

18.

Again the shepherd quiet
 Shall o'er the planet rest,
 And forms adored aforetime
 Be worshipped in the West :
 The pipe of Pan shall soothe us,
 To Dryad haunts enticed,
 And summer, hills re-echo
 The pastoral prayer of Christ.

Fairmount Park and Germantown :
1902-1906.

NOTES.

VERSE 1.

Line 2. *Paradise* is a Persian word carried over into the Hebrew of the Old Testament and the Greek of the New. (פֶּדֶס in Eccles. ii 5 and Canticles iv 13; *παράδεισος* in Luke xxiii 43; 2 Cor. xii 4; Apoc. ii 7). Palestine was a Persian province for two hundred years, and this word is one out of several connecting links between Mazdeism and Christianity. Its original meaning was simply a park, until Hebrew and Christian eschatology transfigured it to mean the abode of the Blessed.

Line 3. *Ārāmo* (pronounced Ahrahmo) is the Pāli word for a park, (Sanskrit *ārāmas*). As rich patrons presented parks to the Buddhist Order in its early days, the word came to mean a cloister-garden. It is cognate with the *ἔρημος* (wilderness) of the New Testament, which means a lonely place. In the Sacred Books of the East, edited by Max Müller, *ārāmo* is contracted into the stem-form *ārāma*, which, as Karl Neumann rightly says, is neither Sanskrit nor Pāli. In my translations from Pāli I use the nominative case in transcribing proper names, for the sake of correctness, following the scholarly instinct of the Greeks, who were the first Europeans to transliterate Sanskrit words. But in poetry I use this form in -o, not merely for correctness, but for music. Edwin Arnold, in his *Light of Asia* has the noble line :

“The Buddha died, the great Tathāgato.”

This would be spoilt by the barbarous Europeanised “Tathāga, ta,” which is the stem-form of the word and also the vocative case, and should never be used in transcription.

To those who object to the introduction of this Pāli word *ārāmo* into the present poem, I reply that it is as lawful as *Academia* in Verse 7. Our culture for ages has been provincial, having the Mediterranean Sea for its centre, and Greece, Rome and Judæa for its classic nations. But since the acquisition of India by the English, and still more of the Philippine Islands by the Americans, bringing in their train the revolution of trade routes and the translation of the Sacred Books of the

East, our culture is becoming cosmic, with the Pacific Ocean, instead of an inland lake, for its centre; and to our own classic nations we must now add India first and foremost, and afterwards the Chinese and Persian Empires. When this new planetary culture supplants the provincial, the ārāmo immortalized by Gotamo will be just as classic as the Academy immortalized by Plato. We shall then be able to appreciate Edward Gibbon's collocation of Persians and Chinamen with Greeks:—"the learned and civilized nations of the South: the Greeks the Persians and the Chinese." (*Decline and Fall*, Chapter 26.)

VERSE 2.

Line 4. "Echoes" refers to certain passages in the preface to my translation of the Dhammapada, quoted by British reviewers. This preface was written in the Park, in the meadow beside Memorial Hall, September, 1901.

Line 7. I should almost prefer:

"Thy lordly lawns around me."

But an adverbial phrase in the nominative absolute is obscure to many. This is one of the drawbacks of a weakly inflected language. In Sanskrit and Pāli, Greek and Latin, the phrase would be perfectly clear, being in the locative absolute in the first two, and in the genitive and ablative respectively in the two last.

VERSE 4.

Line 5. Some would prefer:

"No vile commercial blazon."

But this is too sonorous: I purposely made this line harsh. As to any who may object to the antique word "chapman," I must ask them to read that noblest monument of classical English, the King James version of the Old Testament. (2 Chron. ix 14). "Chapman" (i. e. shopman or cheapman: compare Cheapside, Copenhagen, etc.) is simply the English word for "merchant," which is French. It is best known in these decadent days, by its colloquial contraction, "chap." For "chapman," see Shakespeare: *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act II, Scene 1; *Troilus and Cressida*, Act IV, Scene 1. Also Burns: *Tam O' Shanter*; *Epitaph on Thomas Kennedy of New York*; and *Election Ballad*, No. 4.

VERSE 5.

This verse was written on October 22, 1902, after re-reading the Park Regulations.

The last line refers to the Darwinian doctrine, which I have held since 1880.

VERSE 6.

The allusion to Wissahickon Heights, and indeed the whole poem, was inspired by a walk to the Wissahickon with the T—— family on Sunday, October 20, 1902.

Line 7. See Ruskin's description of autumn foliage at Aricia, in *Modern Painters*, Vol 1, chapter on truth of color.

VERSE 7.

Edgar Allan Poe lived in Philadelphia from 1838 to 1844. The Philadelphia Directory for 1843 gives his residence as: "Coates, near Fairmount," i. e. Fairmount Avenue, near the old Park. The Directory for 1844 has: "Seventh, above Spring Garden."

Thomas Moore was in Philadelphia in 1804. See his "Lines on leaving Philadelphia," and especially his Epistle to W. R. Spencer, written from Buffalo, N. Y. After reproaching the United States for its then lack of culture, he breaks forth:

"Yet, yet forgive me, oh! you sacred few
Whom late by Delaware's green banks I knew."

And again:

"Believe me, Spencer, while I winged the hours
Where Schuylkill undulates through banks of flowers," etc.

Moore was the guest of Joseph Dennie, editor of the *Portfolio*, and at that time the leader of American letters. He was called the American Addison. There is a picture of him at the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, and a long account by Albert H. Smyth, in his "Philadelphia Magazines": Phila., 1892. Dennie lived at 113, Walnut street, which, says Dr. John W. Jordan, was at that time near Third street.

Scharf and Westcott's History of Philadelphia (1884) explodes the theory that Moore occupied a cottage in the Park.

In recent times the word Schuylkill has become a by-word and a jest throughout the Republic, on account of its foul drinking-water. But no corrupt politics, which has delayed so long

the now coming filtration, has been able to efface the beauty of the Schuylkill between Fairmount Dam and the Falls, to say nothing of that river's upper reaches. For a splendid scientific description of the Schuylkill, see J. P. Lesley's *Summary Description of the Geology of Pennsylvania*: Harrisburgh, 1892, vol. 1, p. 118.

Lines 7 and 8. "The conquests of our language and literature are not confined to Europe alone, and a writer who succeeds in London is speedily read on the banks of the Delaware and the Ganges." Gibbon: *Autobiography*, Chap. 24. From MS. E.

This whole verse I added on account of the criticism of a friend who objected that the Schuylkill was not a fit subject for poetry!

VERSE 8.

Line 1. See Franklin's *Autobiography*.

Line 7. William Woodville Rockhill, the diplomatist, was born in Philadelphia in 1854; studied Eastern languages in France; served in Algeria, 1873-1876; and is well known as the author of the best account in English of the Tibetan recension of the Buddhist Scriptures.

VERSE 10.

Line 7. Armstrong, in his official report on the battle of Germantown, says that he carried off one field-piece, but was obliged to leave the other "in the Horrenduous [*sic*] hills of the Wissilickon." [*sic*.] (Letter to Thomas Wharton, dated: Lancaster, Oct. 5, 1777.)

VERSE 13.

Line 6. It is well known that Washington lived in Philadelphia from 1790 to 1797. His house, demolished in 1833, occupied the site of 526, 528 and 530, Market street. See memorial tablet; also, *Washington after the Revolution*, by William Spohn Baker. (Phila., 1898).

VERSE 14.

Sāl is pronounced "sahl." For this glorious passage from the Pāli Book of the Great Decease, see *Sacred Books of the East*, Vol. XI, p. 86. "All one mass of bloom" is a faithful

translation by Rhys Davids of a magnificent Pāli phrase : *sabba-phāli-phullā*.

Ānando (pronounced "Ahundo") is commonly written *Ānanda*. He was Buddha's beloved disciple.

VERSE 15.

That Plato, through Philo the Jew, has influenced the New Testament, see Percy Gardner's *Exploratio Evangelica*: London, 1899. This work has been well described by a German scholar as the best account of the origin of the Gospels in English. The Platonic philosophy appears especially in John and the Epistle to the Hebrews. See also Col. I, 15, 16.

Line 6. "Ānando with his thunder-voice recites the Sūtras." Wong-pu's Life of Buddha (Sæc. VII.)

VERSE 17.

Line 3. Carlyle: *Past and Present*, chapter on the Twelfth Century.

Line 8. "The great man is he who does not lose his child-heart."—Mencius. Shelley has been called "The Eternal Child."

A poem on the Park, entitled *Faire-Mount*, by Henry Peterson, appeared at Philadelphia in 1874. It opens with some noble lines :

"On Schuylkill's banks, where hills of beauty rise,
'Neath the deep blue of Pennsylvania skies,

* * * * *

Oft have I wandered, from the world apart,
To feed the immortal hunger of the heart."

The author deals chiefly with Robert Morris and other Revolutionary heroes.

A VANISHED CAPITAL.

In a day long dead, by a river wide,
A city, now as if glorified—
Vanished, extinct as a grave in Greece—
Asylum lent to the sons of peace.

The walks were planted with shady trees,
And gardens perfumed the High Street breeze ;
The founder's home was of storeys twain,
And every road was a country lane.

Some crowded alleys and courts were there,
But all were nigh to the river fair,
Where quaint old ships, with their sails unfurled,
The fame of the city took round the world.

Up High Street now in a dream I drive ;
'Tis seventeen hundred and ninety-five ;
One EDMUND HOGAN¹ my coachman is,
Who knoweth the capital's mysteries.

At Second Street are the Court House² grey
And a crowded mart³ in the midst of the way,
And over against it a house of prayer⁴—
The Quaker Cathedral⁵ some call it there.

Here lately a shrewd little schoolboy⁶ sat,
Noting each Friend in his broad-brimmed hat,
And painting at last, through the long years' mist,
A scene to be used by the Annalist.

JAMES PEMBERTON sits here, shine or rain,
With both hands crossed on his ancient cane,
And NICHOLAS WALN with a smile is seen,
And THOMAS SCATTERGOOD'S eye serene,
While ARTHUR HOWELL'S enshrouded guise
Is wrapped in a mystery, prophet-wise.

Æolian harp-tones rise and fall
When WILLIAM SAVERY'S lips recall
The Quaker message of light and peace,
Whose vibrant music shall never cease.

A sound from a forge the heart hath stirred
When DANIEL OFFLEY proclaimed the word.
'Two years ago of the plague' he fell,
When Evangeline mourned her Gabriel.
But who can recount the worthies here?
Reprover, consoler and mystic seer.⁸

At Ninth Street reach we the city's verge
Where woods in the open country merge;
But turn we away from the grass that rolls
To see the vision of human souls.

Behold Another who walks our stones,
With an iron will that has humbled thrones;
No Quaker he, but a warrior form,
That rode on the wings of the battle-storm,
Just now the sage of a nation free,
Enthroned like SIMON THE MACCABEE.

Yes, along this road on the left there stands
A mansion famous in many lands;⁹
The High Street here is adorned with trees,¹⁰
Where WASHINGTON holdeth his state levees.

One hundred and ninety his numbered door;
But the President's palace is now no more;
For, alas! I wake from the reverie sweet
In a twentieth-century Market Street.

Where he with HAMILTON oft-times met
In that Olympian Cabinet—
Gone, gone with the gods of the Nevermore,
Now merchants barter and waggons roar.

Al! feel we never, who Fifth Street cross,
As though we had shot the albatross?
For holy ground unto man and God
Were the halls where the nation's hero trod.

¹¹Aside, on the benches of Franklin Square,
A workman at eve released from care
May dream of the wilds of the days of old
And list for the tread of the searcher bold
Who here the immortal kite let fly
And snatched the bolt from an angry sky;
He snatched the soul from a thunderstorm,
And power from a towering tyrant-form—
The boy forlorn with the weary feet,
Who wheeled his burden on Market Street.

O Market Street! in what region vast
Are all these phantoms from out thy past?

Now noise succeeds to the Quaker trance,
And iron cars to the horses' prance,
And, for storeys twain to a home of prayer,
Phalansteries piled by a millionaire.

O Quaker City! what days are these?
No rest at eve under High Street trees,
No sunrise call on the watchman's round,
No silent city in sleep profound.

For a tidal wave from the age of steam
Hath carried away that antique dream,
And in vain we search for the hero-race
'Mid jar and jangle of commonplace.

¹²The blades, whereby in the Delaware,
Poor FITCH careered on her waters fair,
Now multiplied by a thousandfold,
Have borne us far from the days of old.

Where once an august Convention bound
God's newborn States in a league profound
Now demons juggle with freemen's lives—
All free to struggle when usury thrives.

Where Friends once pondered in Centre Square¹³
There now* sinks hellward a daily prayer
That the rights of man in the dust be trod
Till the Hall be ripe for the wrath of God.

Oh, give us the years, so far and fleet,
When ambassadors lived down Market Street!¹⁴

Yet know I souls with a hope sublime,¹⁵
Who pray for the dawn of a juster time ;
With white wings folded, their hearts pursue
The quiet life, with the goal in view.

They only wait for a FOX or PENN
To gather the children of God again.
Oh, who shall garner this human wheat,
Now lost in the crowd on Market Street ?

All, all we crave is the rallying cry,
To make these days as the days gone by ;
To make them more, for the God we need
Is a life-power keeping the freeman freed.
Purge hall and hovel with air of morn,
Command that a weakling shall never be born.

Ah, Philadelphia ! there doth remain
From those lost ages one faded fane ;
We guard and land it with heart and lip,
As Athens guarded the sacred ship.

* Written early in 1905.

The Ark of the nation's fate it seems,
And ever it haunts our stormy dreams,
As on that day¹⁶ when a LINCOLN gazed
At its mouldering stones and the flag he raised.
That mystic minster had thrilled him through,
And the prayer he uttered was all too true.

By night he rode as a man unknown¹⁷
Down Seventeenth Street till the hour had flown,
And a train from the Southern dépôt bore
The nation's elect unto Baltimore.

That dépôt dark is a heritage
From the troublous times of our middle age,
But the railroad's birth and the Civil War
Have left the State House calm as of yore.

We love thee, O vision old and sweet
Amidst the Rialto of Chestnut Street,—
Thou stranded salvage of bygone years!
Thou star of a thousand hopes and fears!

'Twas here the lightning of modern time
Flashed forth from thee with a thunder chime;
For forty summers were kings repulsed,¹⁸
And earth and heaven in wrath convulsed.

If the freed for freedom must fight once more,
God grant us a sage from the days of yore!
May no NAPOLEON ever be,
But another WASHINGTON throned in thee.

No bank's proud portal, no civic tower,
Can awe the heart with a half thy power,
And even the belfry of Christ Church old
No tone like thine on the breeze hath rolled.

For never cathedral chime could swell
An American heart as the Liberty Bell:
The State is more than the Church, I trow—
The Federal Westminster Abbey thou!

1905 and 1906.

NOTES.

¹ Author of *The Prospect of Philadelphia*, which is a directory for 1795, arranged by streets. In this book one can walk about the old city in imagination, among streets haunted by French émigrés and all the motley population of the time.

² Built in 1707, demolished in 1837.

³ In 1795 the market sheds extended along the middle of High Street from Front to Fourth. See John Hills' map of 1796.

⁴ "The Great Meeting House," built in 1695, rebuilt in 1755, and supplanted by Arch Street meeting-house in 1804. It was at the S. W. corner of Second and Market Streets, and is memorable as the scene of Franklin's first sleep in Philadelphia!

⁵ Watson's *Annals of Philadelphia*, Vol. I, p. 500. The pagination of this book (except for some appendices) has been unchanged since 1844. The fine old first edition of 1830 contains plates which were never reproduced. The art of engraving appears to have degenerated after the opening of the railroad age. These plates have a national, not merely a local significance, so that I was astonished to find the book lacking in the Boston Public Library during a tour through the libraries of New England and New York in the summer of 1905. I consider this book one of the most remarkable productions of the last century. Its author, born during the American Revolution and dying on the eve of the Civil War, saw with his own eyes the transition from old Philadelphia, with its pillories, tinder-boxes and tiny window-panes in shops up flights of steps, to the noisy metropolis that builds locomotives for a hemisphere. The passages added to the later editions are very instructive, especially those on the decay of monarchical manners and the rise of republican ones. The great changes which passed over Philadelphia between 1840 and 1859 are alluded to by Edwin Harwood, in his address to the Pennsylvanian Alumni in the latter year: "The College has changed; the town has no longer its staid old uniform appearance."

⁶ William McKoy, first teller in the Bank of North America. See Watson I, 182 and 507. This man wrote, under the pen-

name of Lang Syne, a series of reminiscences of Philadelphia in Poulson's American Daily Advertiser for 1828-1829. (*Poulson's* was an ancestor of our present *North American*). A few of these articles were reprinted in Samuel Hazard's *Register of Pennsylvania*, but most of them have never been reprinted. They are to be found pasted into Watson's MS. Annals at the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. They ought to be published in book form. Watson speaks highly of McKoy's lively style, and regrets that the latter's position in life did not permit him to write more. Some German critic of the future may hunt up these articles with the zest of a scholar searching for lost sources of Tacitus. McKoy's description of the Quaker ministers has here been partially versified. "An imperturbable severity rested upon the dark features of Thomas Scattergood," says the text, where *severity* is an obvious newspaper misprint for *serenity*. McKoy's name last appears in the Directory for 1831. He lived at 8 Powell Street, which ran from Fifth to Sixth, above Pine.

⁷ Daniel Offley, the Quaker blacksmith, died of the yellow fever in October, 1793. See *Biographical Sketches and Anecdotes of Friends*. Philadelphia, 1871. [By Joseph Walton]. When Watson (I. 430) speaks of "the reminiscient" looking through the Front Street windows of Offley's anchor forge, he is quoting McKoy.

⁸ Samuel Emlen.

⁹ Among many travelers who called on Washington in those years may be mentioned Chateaubriand, the celebrated reactionary writer of the French Restoration. In 1791 he was an obscure young man, as he says himself, while Washington was at the height of his fame. Speaking of the presidential abode, he says: "Une petite maison dans le genre anglois, ressemblant aux maisons voisines, étoit le palais du président des États-Unis: point de gardes, pas même de valets." A maidservant said, 'Walk in, sir,' and walked before him "dans un de ces étroits et longs corridors qui servent de vestibule aux maisons angloises." Chateaubriand presented a letter from Colonel Armand (then Marquis de la Rouairie), and proceeded to tell the president of his youthful ambition to explore the North-West Passage. Perceiving that Washington was bored, he cried: "Mais il est moins difficile de découvrir le passage du nord-ouest que de créer un peuple comme vous l'avez fait!" Whereupon

the father of his country was moved, and extending his hand, exclaimed, "Well, well, young man!" followed by an invitation to dinner. Next day the feast was set, and the two notables, with five more, sat down at 528 Market Street to discuss the French Revolution.

¹⁰ Hills' magnificent map of 1796 shows that the Market Street trees began at Fifth Street. The president's mansion occupied the ground now covered by numbers 526-530. It was demolished in 1833. (*Washington After the Revolution*. By William Spohn Baker, sometime vice-president of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia, 1897, p. 184.)

¹¹ The exact site of the famous kiteflying is unknown: it was Parton who suggested Eighth and Race Streets, while Fisher says it was probably near Fourth and Vine. We have no detailed account by Franklin himself. He wrote an impersonal description of an electric kite, dated Oct. 19, 1752, printed in *The Pennsylvania Gazette* of that date, sent as a letter to Peter Col-linson, and reprinted in the collected works. But the famous narrative of the promising cloud that disappointed him, of the shed in "the commons," where he took shelter with his son, etc., is derived from Stuber's continuation to the Autobiography, though it first appeared separately in the *Columbian Magazine* (Philadelphia, 1790). This account in turn is merely repeated, with glosses, from that by Joseph Priestley, in his *History and present state of Electricity*. (London, 1767, p. 180). Priestley, in his preface, states that Franklin had given him information. So we have Franklin's facts in Priestley's words. It will be recognized by the student of American history that I have here versified in English the famous hexameter line on Franklin by Turgot:

Eripuit cœlo fulmen sceptrumque tyrannis.

¹² John Fitch navigated the Delaware in a steamboat for both freight and passengers during the entire summer of 1790, as contemporary newspapers abundantly prove. In the Philadelphia Directory for 1791 we read:

"Fitch, John, owner of the steam boat, 462 No[rth] Second Street."

As early as August 22, 1787, he exhibited an earlier steam boat to most of the members of the Federal Convention, except Washington, while his first experiments were earlier still. See his *Life* by Westcott. Fulton, in the next century, got all the

glory ; but the courts decided that he merely repeated the plans of Fitch.

¹³ For the old Centre Square meeting-house, see Watson I, 391. I wrote these lines early in 1905, when the notorious "gang" were at the height of their power.

¹⁴ In 1795, the Dutch ambassador was at 258, High Street (Market Street, south side, between Seventh and Eighth), and the Portuguese ambassador in Franklin's Court (south side of High Street between Third and Fourth). See Hogan's *Prospect*, pp. 10 and 12.

¹⁵ These lines were added after a conversation with a member of the Historical Society, who, upon hearing the poem, declared that present-day morality was superior to that of the eighteenth century.

¹⁶ February 22, 1861, at 6 A. M., according to Nicolay and Hay, Vol. III, p. 310. But this was the hour when the crowds began to gather. A committee waited upon Lincoln at the Continental Hotel at seven o'clock, and took him to the Hall, so that the speeches must have been made between seven and eight. (*Public Ledger*, February 23, 1861). In the speech made in the Hall just before the flag-raising, Lincoln said: "I was about to say that I would rather be assassinated on this spot than surrender it" (i. e., the principle embodied in the Declaration of Independence). See Lincoln's Complete Works, Vol. I, p. 691. N. Y., 1894).

¹⁷ Letter of H. F. Kenney, Dec. 23, 1867, in Allan Pinkerton's *History and Evidence of the Passage of Abraham Lincoln from Harrisburgh to Washington, on February 22 and 23, 1861*. (Chicago, 1868, p. 12). Lincoln had to "kill time" on this famous night journey, and was driven across Philadelphia by a circuitous route.

¹⁸ The American Revolution was the beginning of the long struggle of democracy with aristocracy which ended (temporarily) in 1815.

RAIN AT SEA.

The elements all overwhelm and astound me,
And baring my brow to the brunt of the rain,
I ask of the universe mourning around me,
What comfort can flow from its infinite pain?

No answer, but only the dull desolation?—
Then, oh that the surges were over me thrown,
That the watery roar of the great lamentation,
Unmeaning, unheeded, were rolling alone!

Nay, deeper than grief is the dirge of the ocean,
And breathing beneath it a quiet release,
A sweetness, a calm that is more than emotion;
For infinite sadness is infinite peace.

1881.

THE SACRED BOOKS OF THE EAST.

Light the torch of thought at midnight,
Watch the forms of history file
Down the aisles of old religions;
Wake and let us muse awhile.

First the shade of Zoroaster
Shimmers in the shadow dim;
Fleets and armies of Darius
Caught the glint of heaven from him.

What remains of all his altars?
Where the temple's vast façade?
Are his wrestlings in the Gāthas?
Are his laws the Vendīdād?

Fragments all ; the Nosks have perished ;
Wrecks and Contents meet our wish,
Like the salvage of the Dāmdād
Drifted in the Bundahish.

Here we hear the battle-æon—
Ormazd, Ahriman, at war ;
Till the lava burn the evil
Into good for evermore.

So from Bosphorus to Indus
Did the Parsi Empire hope
For the Hero and his helpers
With the serpent-foe to cope.

Into heaven soars Elijah ;
Rightly doth Elisha cry :
“ Lo, the chariot of Israel
And his horsemen in the sky !”

Central in the world's religious
Prophesy the Hebrew seers—
One, from Moses to Ezekiel,
More gigantic than his peers.

Loftiest in the long procession
He that never penned a line :
’Tis the lightning of Elijah
Makes the Covenant divine.

Lo, the shade of Knng the Master,
And the shores of fair Cathay,
Underneath the stars receding
Into ages great and grey.

Twain millennia lay behind him,
And for twain millennia more
Lighted he the ranks of China
With the lamps of heretofore.

Hark ! the tramp of tribes and ages,
 Echoing from Shū to Shih,
And the nation's daily footsteps
 Resonant throughout the Lī.

In the trance of midnight, Lan-tza
 Climbs with Reason to her heights :
Round the immemorial Mystic
 Coruscate eternal lights.

After Vedic Hymns to storm-gods
 And the One unborn Supreme,
After sacrificial magic,
 Deeper yet the Indic dream.

While Upanishads were musing,
 And the Sacred Laws began,
All the burning soul, incarnate,
 Burst into a central Man.

Gotamo the Sākya Lion
 Preached to princes in his train
How the compounds of existence
 Are the origin of pain.

Not thy dream of sad Nirvāna,
 Mighty Master ! moves the heart,
But thyself : of One diviner
 Thou the foregone shadow art.

Far above the stately Sūtras,
 Every tender act endears ;
Jewelled in the Great Decease Book
 Ānando's immortal tears.

Spite of all thy stern remonstrance,
 Over Asia's ancient mind
Swept a wave of tidal passion
 For a God from out mankind.

Hush ! We need not seek the sequel,
How the moonlight paled away :
Over Syria broke the morning
And the Deity of day.

Fiercely royal, towers Mohammed,
Dark against that setting moon,
Writing death to demon-worship
In a fiery desert Rune.

End the vigil and the vision ;
But my window skyward looks,
And for no less lofty learning
Will I leave the Sacred Books.
1895.

WHEN IS THE TIME ?

Ere the rosy colors die,
Ere the scented summers fly,
Ere the years of youth on wings
Fade with all delightful things,
'Tis the time.

While the pearls are on the marge,
While the moon of life is large,
While the chime of Easter bells
Of the vernal triumph tells,
'Tis the time.

When the self to soul is turned,
When the ways of love are learned,
When with every virtue sweet
Manliness and beauty meet,
'Tis the time.

1893-1899.

REQUIESCAT MARIANA.

WITH AN OLD REFRAIN.

Hush ! Within there reigns a silence
O'er a sleeping fosterling ;
Hark ! Without there thrills a music
From the universe of spring ;
Roses round the window sweep ;
Little sister's gone to sleep.

Tell the early trailing roses
That they hide the boundless lea
Where my soul would fain be roaming,
From the haunted chamber free ;
Roses, hide me while I weep :
Little sister's gone to sleep.

Blossoms of the endless orchard !
Billows of the endless sea !
Hide and bury me forever,
Far from where she used to be :
Roll above me dense and deep :
Little sister's gone to sleep.
1897.

SONG IN MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Take, oh ! take thy form away,
Only leave thy memory whole,
Be my life from day to day,
Be the soul within my soul ;
From this world, oh ! set me free, set me free ;
Let my self be lost in thee, lost in thee.
1898.

DECEMBER SUNSET.

I love the winter sunset,
I love his fiery eyes,
I love the far-off purple
Of Pennsylvanian skies,
Where deep beneath the sky-line
The last dead summer lies.

Aromas of that summer
Exhale into the air,
The mountains and the rivers
I passed are painted there,
The likeness of the Lost One
Is in that furnace fair.

The flames of grief are silent,
Like sunset hues they burn,
And rising in the twilight
I feel my love return,—
A hundred summer sunsets
Are in yon smouldering urn.

1903.

A BICYCLE RIDE.

The sweetness of eleven springs
Is in that human flower
Who rode with me on modern wings
For one enchanted hour.

I loved to ride a little space
Behind my infant queen,
To watch her form of airy grace,
Arrayed in dainty green.

The color of that little dress
Was e'er as sweet to me
As all the kindred loveliness
On every April tree.

Oh, tell her not the reason why
I rode behind a space :
I fear to fill that lovely eye
With consciousness of grace.

So let her think her wheels are swift,
And mine are laggard-slow,
That I may still adore that drift
Of infant virgin snow.

1899.

THE COAST AND THE SHORE.

The coast's a stony prison,
The shore is fair and free ;
The coast confronts the ocean,
The shore receives the sea.

By day the sailor curses
The coast as if the tomb ;
By night he dreams of kisses
On shores with homes a-bloom.

The coast is where the sea-bird
Is shrieking to the storm ;
The shore is where my brothers
Are round the ingle warm.

Upon the coast I wander
In solitude and care,
Afar to seaward gazing--
The shore is over there !

North Durham Coast : April, 1883.

DOLDEN.

A rare old town adown the bays
Is Falmouth, in the dreamy days
When August all her gold arrays,
 World-olden ;
And here a beauteous boy I met,
Who came to earth with memories yet
Of suns that had not wholly set—
 Aye golden !

When he could hardly talk, he told
Of what their eyes can ne'er behold
Who know not of the Age of Gold
 In Dolden ;
For such was his untutored name
For some fair region whence he came
And went, in visionary game :
 'Twas "Dolden."

He saw the morning's argent car,
He saw the virgin evening star,
And said that all was fairer far
 In Dolden.
But, Falmouth ! when he came to thee,
And saw the forest meet the sea,
He said, "This place on earth shall be
 My Dolden."

I use, O child ! thy charmèd eyes,
As here I watch Orion rise
Amid the sea-enamoured skies
 Of Dolden,
Where once the wave of Shakspeare's hand,
Above Miranda's yellow sand,
Brought Ariel from fairyland—
 All Dolden !

Here Shelley heard the Skylark ope
The Sensitive Plant on cloudy slope,
And Browning kissed his Evelyn Hope
 In Dolden ;
And children fair have breathed its air
With Wordsworth in the light that ne'er
On sea or land was anywhere
 Save Dolden.

And here, O Lyra ! long ago,
The splendours of the heavenly bow
We stole, and brought to earth below
 From Dolden,
When first we saw the sea, and met,
And heard the white Diana set
Our life-long, love-long own duet
 Like Dolden.

And heard, alas ! the music bars
The angels hymned on sad guitars
To all thy world of weeping stars,
 O Dolden !
When we, with many a laden soul,
Obeyed the earthward muster roll,
And left the golden oriole
 In Dolden.

But oft we glimpse a feather float,
And hear a stray eternal note
On sunset-haunted shore remote,
 Near Dolden ;
And then we feel that all is best,
That out of earth we build a nest
Amid the starry palms of rest.
 In Dolden.

West Falmouth, Massachusetts, 1887.

The last verse but one of Dolden was altered without permission by the editor of the Anglo-Burmese magazine, *Buddhism* (Rangoon, November, 1904). The object of the mutilation appears to have been to introduce the doctrine of physical transmigration instead of the purely spiritual præ-existence implied in the poem.

THE LORELEI.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.

I know not whate'er can have holden
My soul to be sad to-night :
A tale of the ages olden
It haunts me with eerie light.

The lift is cool, and it darkles,
And restful flows the Rhine,
The peak of the mountain sparkles
In the holy evenshine.

On high there sits and brightens
A maid who is wildly fair ;
Her golden adornment lightens,
She combeth her golden hair.

She combs with a comb that is golden,
She sings a wonderful song,
And hearts are in mystery holden
By the strains of the melody strong.

The heart of the skipper they capture,
The skiff to the rocks is nigh,
But all that he sees in his rapture
Is the wildering vision on high.

The waves of the river swallowed
The boat in the setting sun,
And the laugh of the Lorelei followed
The deed that her song had done.

BEATRICE.

A love that is houses and raiment
To me were a hunger and dearth ;
So give me the love that is all love—
The heaven without the earth.

Beatrice Portinari,
In the glow of her summers nine,
Set fire to the lips of Dante
With a coal from her soul divine.

Unto him she was never a woman,
But a spirit, an angel, a child,
And a tower of eternal music
In the light of her eyes he piled.

I too have a Beatrice lent me,
And I ask the Lord to spare
Just one of the legion of angels
Who wait on her evening prayer.

1891.

GEOLOGY.

Like shells upon the ocean floor,
The wrecks of olden friendships lie,
For new deposits, o'er and o'er,
To rise in islands by and by.

Like mountain dust in river beds,
Washed by the rains of thought away
With bones of vanished quadrupeds,
Will sink the friendships of today.

And youthful hopes, in shale and schist
Upheaved in the later air,
Will find a true geologist
To lay their ancient record bare ;

While buried wrongs and Vulcan hates,
Compressed in many a lava fold,
Will roof with metamorphic slates
The temples of the age of gold ;

And old religions of the race,
Imbedded in the minds of all,
Will lift a gray primeval face
On some historic mountain wall.

Here or hereafter men will read,
Or angels when the splendors tire,
The life of every dream and creed,
And every dead volcano fire.

Then what, my friend, if thou and I—
Two shells within the chalk preserved—
Through ages of oblivion lie
Till higher uses be subserved ?

O'er universes deep and vast
Our psychic atoms wander far,
United or dissolved at last
In some incalculable star.

And out of self's abysmal time
To timeless being shall we go :
Behind the scenes a life sublime
Consumes the worlds of weal and woe.

Upon the Parsi scroll of flame
Is graven one eternal line :
That heaven and hell appear the same
To memory in the life divine.

Thou may'st be saved, and I be lost :
Some deity will reap the gain
Of lives and deaths together tossed,
To build a new diviner plane.

So let us toil and suffer on,
Nor meanly seek the reason why :
Our little life will soon be gone
With geologic æons by.

Fairmount Park : July, 1900.

MY LOST HOME.

When in my childhood by father caressed,
When in my youth upon knowledge's quest,
When in my manhood I strove to be free,
All my life long I was seeking for thee.

Many a maiden would beautiful seem—
Fairies, but false to my deep inner dream :
Over the continent, over the sea,
All my life long I was seeking for thee.

Lovely girl-children my fantasy found—
Nearest of all to that untrodden ground,
Nearest to Her who my heaven should be :
All my life long I was seeking for thee.

After false glammers had led me astray,
Made me despair of the wearisome way,
Fear that my loved one I never should see,
All my life long I was seeking for thee.

Then, when my midsummer fervours were past,
Softly thy shadow came stealing at last—
Peace more serene than the deeps of the sea ;
Hardly I dared to believe it from thee.

Ah ! but the sweetest child-daughter was thine,
Pure was her heart and her love was divine :
Lost in the light that appeared to be she,
Hardly I dreamt that the dream was of thee.

Louisiana was bright in thine eyes,
Tenderer North-lights within them would rise :
Scotland and France and the ranks of the free
Found an eternal alliance in thee.

Just for a year did my life-river roll
Full to the sea, with a soul in my soul :
While the white glory was dawning on me,
Death put an end to the finding of thee.

O'er me for ever thy heavenly face,
Lone as a star in the ocean of space,
Beacons me on to the home that shall be :
All my life-long I am seeking for thee.

1903.

TO MAY AT THE PIANO.

The instrument appears a part of thee,
And when thou leavest it I feel a shock
As if I saw thine arm arrested. Be
For ever set before it, on some rock
Or solitary sea-shore, where the knock
Of thy sweet fingers on responsive keys
May make the soul of harmony unlock
The portals of eternal music ! These
And more than I can count of fancies wild
Throng to my spirit as thy fingers fall.
I know not whether 'tis the girl or child
That thus enchants me, or if one and all
Of music's mighty masters fill my soul,
But thou thyself art song, bright oriole !

1904.

WISSAHICKON.

Few and fleeting, Irenelle !
Are the moments we can love ;
For upon me lies a spell
From the silences above,
And a guide thou canst not see
Is to lead me far away :
I must break my trance with thee
At the breaking of the day.

I must leave thee, Irenelle !
Here beside the haunted stream ;
From the piny-scented dell
Comes a token like a dream ;
Like a waft from bygone lives
Is the perfume of the pine,
And my memory dips and dives
Into seas unknown to thine.

Look ! 'Tis dawning, Irenelle,
Darkly in the forest glade :
I must take a long farewell
Of the silence and the shade,
For the tempest in my soul
Calls me onward o'er the sea,
And a storm of years will roll
Ere I come again to thee.

1905.

THE SUNSET CITY.

There's a city in the sunset,
And its domes are known of old,—
Known the glamour of the purple
And the glory of the gold.

Buddha's eye had surely seen it :
 Ānando had heard him tell
Of the Palace of Religion,
 Where ideal virtues dwell.

John beheld the Patmos waters,
 When the waves at eve were calm,
Lighten with the lofty vision,
 Murmur with the far-off psalm.

Yester eve I too beheld it,
 In the twilight's airy sea,
Reddening deeper in the redness ;
 But the power was not from me.

For my vision weak was aided
 By a childlike presence there,
Elevating sight to seership,
 Meditation into prayer.

Then I saw the Holy City,
 Where alone it e'er can be,
Throned within the soul of childhood,
 And the spirit of the free.

Fairmount Park : July, 1902.

A DURHAM MEMORY.

Child I found and left unknown,
 If we meet not at the goal,
May thy pines above me moan
 Where thine upland breezes roll,—
 May the soil have all my soul,
And this life, as lime or loam,
 Dye with deeper green the knoll
Close beside thy lonely home !

1881.

THE LIVING PAST.

IN MEMORY OF HENRY LAWRENCE, B.A., WHO DIED
AT HITCHIN, 1879.

Thou knowest, quiet Hertfordshire,
Where the grass is growing deep,
Where the sunset shadows love to rest,
And the early dewdrops weep;
And though with roar of rolling wheels
We cross thy meadows fair,
The heart is hushed,—we dream of him
In his calm slumber there.

Dead years have yet the fire of life
In Memory's holy urn;
Her altars, heaped with frankincense
Of bygone summers, burn;
And when in everlasting night
We see yon sun decline,
Deep in the soul his purple flames
Eternally will shine.

Be sure that all the love we need
Will flow for ever ours,
And, though no comrade watch with us
Upon the dreary towers,
Behind the soul's dim veil revealed,
As on the Ark of yore,
One holy solitude of light
Reposeth evermore.

1880.

THE CRIMSON RAMBLER.

Beside me a rosy schoolgirl
On the rest-day afternoon;
Before me a rose-tree climbing
In the mid career of June.

I asked of the human rose-bloom
The name of the garden rose,
And she called it a crimson Rambler,
For such is the lore she knows.

Yon cloud is a crimson Rambler,
Afar in the dying west;
My heart is a crimson Rambler,
On an old eternal quest.

The roses die with the June-tide,
The cloud with the twilight wan,
And the heats of the sultry noontide
Kill hearts when the hopes are gone.

1902.

SEPTEMBER AND DECEMBER.

When last the leaves were falling
I walked and talked with thee,
And heart to heart was calling,
Like birds from tree to tree.

In earthly soil though planted,
Our roots were deeply one,
And in these ways enchanted
Our leaves absorbed the sun.

* * * *

Thus far I sang September,
And now the winter blows;
Experience, like December,
Upon thy memory snows.

So fast the flakes are falling
I fear thy form may fade
In silence more appalling
Than on thy grave the shade.

Can love be snowed thereunder?
Can thought and learning kill
The lightning and the thunder
That once the clouds did fill?

Shall clouds return to vapors,
And vapors melt in air?
Nirvana quench the tapers
Of life's phantasmal prayer?

Was Buddha by Nepāla
Beclouded out of truth?
Did terrors from Himāla
O'erwhelm his awful youth?

Did Jesus by the Jordan
A loftier vision know?
Is He the rightful warden
Of souls that melt like snow?

Can any Power hereafter
Our being whole restore?
Shall heavenly roof and rafter
O'erarch us twain once more?

Appear to me by noontide
When life is beating high;
Appear to me in June-tide,
A sky beyond the sky!

Away with ghosts of twilight,
With wraiths and dreams of sleep!
Appear to me in thy light,
Thou dawn above the deep.

MOUNTAINOUS.

Alps upon Alps, O poet, how they flout thee,
Whelm thee in wildness that no god can tame :
Caverns and *grots* above thee and *about thee*
Whisper to thee my solitary name.

May 5, 1895.

The words in italics came in sleep.

A WISH.

A life by the sea and a life at thy side,
And together in death to go out with the tide.

1892.

FINIS.

APPENDIX.

Buddhist and Christian Gospels



Now first compared from the originals :
Being "Gospel Parallels from Pāli Texts,"
reprinted with additions.

By ALBERT J. EDMUNDS,
translator of the Dhammapada &c., member of
the Oriental Club of Philadelphia.


Third and complete edition.

Edited, with English notes on Chinese versions of the
early Christian centuries,

By M. ANESAKI,
Professor of religious science in the Imperial
University of Japan.

Tōkyō, 1905, octavo, pp. xviii, 230.

AMERICAN AGENTS :
OPEN COURT PUBLISHING COMPANY, CHICAGO.
PRICE, \$1.50.

[ Apply for list of Errata. The title itself has been misprinted, and the above is its correct form.]

OPINIONS OF SCHOLARS.

T. W. RHYS DAVIDS.

Founder of the Pali Text Society of London, 1881; editor of many Buddhist texts from the palm-leaf manuscripts of Ceylon; author of *Manual of Buddhism* (many editions, as well as Dutch and German translations); translator of *Dialogues of the Buddha and Buddhist Suttas* (*Sacred Books of the East*, Vol. XI); author of *Buddhist India* (*Story of the Nations Series*: London, 1903), etc., etc., late Secretary of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain.

"It may be thought, perhaps, that though the examples adduced by Seydel were insufficient [to prove Christian borrowing], yet that the new factors since discovered, through the publication, by the Pali Text Society, of the *Nikāyas*, may still make that conclusion possible. We shall soon see. An American scholar, Mr. Edmunds, of Philadelphia, is on the point of publishing a complete set of comparisons between the *Nikāyas* and the Gospels, adducing later materials only by way of [illustration]* and carefully distinguishing them from the earlier documents."—*International Quarterly*, Burlington, Vermont, March-June, 1903, pp. 7 and 8.

THE LATE EDMOND HARDY (1852-1904).

Catholic priest and Benedictine monk; professor of philosophy at Freiburg in Baden, and of Indic philology at the Swiss Freiburg; editor of the last seven nipāṭas of the *Anguttara Nikāya* for the London Pali Text Society. Not to be confounded with the English Singhalese scholar, Robert Spence Hardy, who died in 1874. In May, 1904, a few months before his death, E. Hardy wrote to me:

"No one can deny that these parallels are striking, more or less; and you do a good work to call attention to them." [This was referring to Ed. 2.]

* *Comparison* is the word used, but this is probably a slip. This notice was based upon the first edition (1902), wherein the list of *Uncanonical Parallels* made it clear to Rhys Davids that the author would avoid Seydel's mistake of using pre-Christian and post-Christian Buddhist books indiscriminately.

ERNST KUHN.

Professor of Indic Philology in the University of Munich ; author of a Pali Grammar (1875) and of the leading work on the medieval Buddhist-Christian romance of Barlaam and Joasaph (Bavarian Royal Academy of Sciences, 1893).

“Was an derartigem in den letzten zwanzig Jahren erschienen ist, würde sich aus dem ‘Literaturblatt für orientalische Philologie’ und der ‘Orientalischen Bibliographie’ bei einiger Umsicht unschwer zusammenstellen lassen.

“Beachtet zu werden verdienen darunter namentlich die Beobachtungen, welche Albert J. Edmunds zuerst im ‘Open Court,’ dann mit dem Titel “*Buddhist and Christian Gospels now first compared from the Originals: being ‘Gospel Parallels from Pāli Texts,’ reprinted with additions*” separat als eine Art Prospekt eines grösseren Werks zu Philadelphia, 1902 (2 ed., 1904), veröffentlicht hat.” [From Kuhn’s *Nachwort to Indische Einflüsse auf evangelische Erzählungen*. Von G. A. van den Bergh van Eysinga. Göttingen, 1904, p. 103. This book belongs to the series of *Researches into the Religion and Literature of the Old and New Testaments*, edited by Wilhelm Bousset and Hermann Gunkel.]

J. TAKAKUSU.

Professor of Sanskrit, in the Imperial University of Japan ; sometime student under Max Müller at Oxford, and co-translator with him of *Sacred Books of the East*, Vol. XLIX.

“It is certainly the best text-book for the advancement of religious knowledge. There will be a time, we may hope, when every missionary training college will use this as a standard work for the study of the relative positions of the two great missionary religions. It is, at any rate, indispensable for those who go to Japan as missionaries, where the two religions are brought face to face in their activity. It is significant that this lifework of Mr. Edmunds should be published in Japan, for, as he says: ‘Dramatic in the highest is the course of the two great world-faiths: Buddhism has rolled from the Ganges to the Pacific, and Christianity from the Jordan, in the reverse direction again to the Pacific, until in Japan and the United States, after their age-long and planetary march, they stand looking at each other across that ocean—once a Spanish, but now an American lake.’” [Historical Introduction, p. 50.]

"Japan will be grateful to our author for the boon of this excellent work, which will, I hope, eventually help to bring about a solution of the religious problem of Japan."

Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society: London, January, 1906, pp. 245 and 246.

[On page 244, Professor Takakusu also says: "His careful summary of historical relations between the East and the West, and minute analysis of the original texts, tend to prove successfully the possibility of connection between Christianity and Buddhism."]

M. ANESAKI.

Professor of Religious Science in the Imperial University of Japan; editor of the present work; author of a Japanese book on Buddhism, in which the vast fields of Pali, Sanskrit and Chinese Buddhist literature are drawn upon abundantly.

"Die mehrjährige Arbeit Edmunds' kann mit Recht als der erste Versuch der obenerwähnten Forschung bezeichnet werden. Wie Professor Rhys Davids über das Werk bemerkte," etc. [Then follows a German translation of the statement by Rhys Davids quoted above.]

From an article on the book by Anesaki in the *Deutsche Japan-Post*: Yokohama, September 30, 1905, p. 8 (4 Jahrgang, No. 26).

LEARNED JOURNALS.

For Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society, see Takakusu.

LITERARISCHES ZENTRALBLATT FÜR DEUTSCHLAND.

Leipzig, February 10, 1906, pp. 234, 235 (57 Jahrgang, No. 7). Article signed H. Pl.

"Vergleichende Arbeiten über die buddhistischen und christlichen Evangelien besitzen wir schon von Hilgenfeld, Seydel, Hardy u. a., die aber sämtlich den Fehler haben, sich nur auf Uebersetzungen aus dem Pāli zu stützen. Das vorliegende Werk geht auf den ursprünglichen Pālitext zurück. . . . [Here follows a synopsis of the book]. Das Werk kann allen, die sich mit vergleichenden Religionsstudien beschäftigen aus wärmste empfohlen werden."

LUZAC'S ORIENTAL LIST.

London, May-June, 1903.

"Many of the ethical parallels adduced by him are interesting and justifiable, but when we come to theology and eschatology, as in Nos. 37, 38, 42, 45 and 58, the parallelism is not exact, and never can be."

[This critique was made upon the first edition, a mere 16-page abstract, wherefrom the reviewer could gain no idea of the author's position. The parallels quoted are numbered 42, 44, 48, 53 and 69 in the Tōkyō edition. Their rubrics are :

- 42. The Saviour is Unique.
 - 44. The Light of the World.
 - 48. The Master knows God and his Kingdom.
 - 53. Saving Faith in the Lord.
 - 69. The Great Restoration.]
-

THE RELIGIOUS PRESS.

THE EXPOSITORY TIMES.

Edinburgh, November, 1905, p. 88. (Vol. xvii, No. 2.) Edited by James Hastings. It is the organ of the Scottish Church.

"This bookful of parallels is not gathered in vain. It speaks of a deeper matter than imitation. It throws a new light on the whole study of religion, on the whole problem of the religious life. It is not that St. Luke copied Buddha. It is that, telling the story of the Birth in Bethlehem, he brought himself into touch with the religious desires of man all over the world, and furnished what they desired. They had been seeking this Incarnation, this Babe in a manger, feeling after it, but never securely finding it. The study of Comparative Religion will be the study of the future, and the future is not far away. We need not be driven into it by fear; let us enter it with that reverent joy with which the Shepherds entered the Cave at Bethlehem. . . . [Then follows an account of the book]. It is a volume of great learning, and the value of it is not to be gathered from a single quotation."

THEOLOGISCHES LITERATURBLATT.

Leipzig, March 16, 1906, pp. 127-129. (Jahrgang xxvii, No. 11). The organ of Lutheran scholarship, representing the universities of Kiel, Greifswald, Rostock, Leipzig and Göttingen. Present review by Otto Zöckler, professor of Church History at Greifswald, author of commentaries, etc.

"Dem vor einigen Jahren getanen Ausspruch des Indologen R. Pischel: 'Wie jetzt Babel ungestüm an die Pforten des Alten Testaments pocht, so klopft, vorläufig noch leise, an die Tür des Neuen Testaments Buddha' scheint aus dem Inhalt der hier vorliegenden Schrift einige Bestätigung zu erwachsen. Ja es dürften sich manche Leser finden, welche auf Grund dieser Edmunds-Anesakischen 'Collation buddhistischer und christlicher Evangelien' das Anklopfen Buddhas schon als ein so starkes zu vernehmen meinen, dass sie die Tür des Neuen Testaments weit für ihn aufzutun sich bereit zeigen. Den Unterzeichneten hat die Lektüre des Buches nicht in eine so sanguinische Stimmung versetzt.

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[The learned professor, in the course of the review, exposes my ignorance of recent German books and articles, to which I plead guilty, and cordially thank him. The neglected writers have since been sought out, but not a single one is an Indianist. However, from one of them, Pfeiderer, I have gotten some useful hints.]

"Die deutsche religionshistorische Forschung wird von dem Edmundsschen Buche zwar Notiz nehmen müssen; aber es lässt sich bezweifeln, ob dasselbe im dermaligen Stande der Annahmen der das Problem 'Buddhismus und Urchristentum' behandelnden kompetenten Forscher eine sonderliche Aenderung herbeiführen wird."

THE OUTLOOK.

New York, October 7, 1905, pp. 331, 332.

"As a contribution to the study of comparative religion from a Japanese scholar, this volume has a peculiar interest as well as a positive value for the student. That prince among Oriental scholars, the late Max Müller, regarded it as an open ques-

tion whether a few of the parallel stories in the Buddhist Canon and the Gospels had or had not been 'carried from India to Alexandria and Palestine.' Professor Anesaki holds to the independence of the fundamental documents of the Buddhist and the Christian Scriptures. He only raises the question whether the Gospel of Luke, 'in certain traits extraneous to the Synoptical narrative,' is indebted to a Buddhist source."

[This is a quotation from my main preface, p. viii; but the hasty reviewer overlooked my signature and ascribed the words to Anesaki, who signs his own preface a few leaves further on].

THE OPEN COURT.

Chicago: September, 1905, p. 538. (Article by Paul Carus entitled *Buddhist and Christian Gospels: work done in comparative religion* by Albert J. Edmunds.)

"We wish to state here that we deem the results of Mr. Edmunds's investigation important in a high degree, and think that he is especially fitted for his task; because, on the one hand, he is a Christian and an accomplished New Testament scholar, and, on the other hand, he sympathizes strongly with Buddhist doctrines. There is perhaps no one in the world so well acquainted with the sources of both religions as he."

[This last statement is only true of Professor J. Estlin Carpenter of Oxford, who is a New Testament scholar and a Pāli scholar.]

LIGHT OF DHARMA.

San Francisco, January, 1906, p. 133. The organ of the Japanese Buddhist mission to the United States.

"This work is the pioneer of this kind of labor. Of course, we have a large number of books of parallelism, expressing ideas of the two greatest religions of the world, but we need corresponding parallels drawn from their texts. From this point of view this work has no rival."

THE SECULAR PRESS.

MAYO W. HAZELTINE.

Literary editor of the New York Sun.

"A remarkable book comes to us from the Yūhōkwan Publishing House at Tōkyō." [Then follow nearly five columns of review, chiefly quotations from the Historical Introduction. The article appeared in *The Sun* (literary supplement), October 15, 1905.]

NOTE.—If I knew of any honest attack* on the book by a first-class Indianist or New Testament scholar, I should be glad to reprint it, as I have done the strictures of Zöckler. The difficulty here is that American Orientalists are seldom acquainted with such a rising study as Buddhism and its sacred language the Pāli. While there are chairs for Brahmin literature, there is not one for Buddhist in this hemisphere. What should we think of a university where French literature was merely a side-issue with the professor of Italian?

RECENT ARTICLES BY A. J. EDMUNDS.

For former ones, see Bibliography, 1903, accompanying reprint of *Selected List of Naval Matter*.

Selected List of Naval Matter in the Library of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia, 1903, 8vo, p. 13. Reprinted from *Pennsylvania Magazine*, January, 1903.

A Buddhist Bibliography, based upon the Libraries of Philadelphia. London, 1903, 8vo (*Journal of the Pāli Text Society*, 1901–1903, pp. 1–60). Edited by T. W. Rhys Davids.

Supplement to the above. With identification of Asoko's First Selection [and criticism of the Mahāvastu as a sectarian recension of the Mahāvagga]. Philadelphia, 1904, 8vo, pp. 8. Reprinted from the *Light of Dharma*, San Francisco.

A Buddhist Genesis. (*The Monist*: Chicago, January, 1904, pp. 207–214; and April, 1904, p. 472.)

Prefatory Note to Suzuki's *First Buddhist Council*. (*Monist*, January, 1904, pp. 253–258).

* Professor Louis de la Vallée Poussin, of Ghent, reports one as now in progress, as well as a commendatory review of my *Dhammapada*.

[TO ACCOMPANY FOOT-NOTE ON PAGE 50]

The promised critique of Professor Louis de la Vallée Poussin has appeared in the *Revue Biblique* of Paris for July, 1906, where it occupies 29 pages. My learned critic is chiefly concerned in proving that my verbal Parallels are robbed of their cogency by the difference of the ideas involved in their respective contexts. He is a philosopher and no mere philologist, and has given me much food for thought. I hope to notice the critique in a future article. Let me here correct one or two errors. When M. Poussin says, of the Ascension, "d'après notre auteur, il ne se rencontre aucun original bouddhique," I do not know what he means. In a note (p. 26) he adduces the ascension of Arahats as a noteworthy parallel overlooked by me, but in my book, p. 192, I have translated the account of Dabbo the Mallian's ascension. There is, however, no account of Buddha's ascension, and perhaps I have somewhere said so. M. Poussin is also in error when he says, "M. Edmunds tient pour hérétique" "le Bouddhisme dit 'du Nord.'" My notes on pp. 194 and 223 should have corrected this, as also my recognition of the fact that several sects refused to canonize the Statement of Theses (p. 159). It is true, however, that my Historical Introduction was written in the Nineties, when my only guide to the Chinese versions was Samuel Beal. There is no copy of Nanjio's Catalogue in Philadelphia, and it was not until 1900 that I found one in the National Library at Washington. But M. Poussin should re-read my San Francisco supplement to *Buddhist Bibliography* to see how well I am awake to the importance of other sects than the Elders with their Pali.

Again, my critic is a Catholic, and cannot understand the position of a Quaker or a Swedenborgian—the former with his Universal and Saving Light; the latter with his Divine influx into all mankind and his "lost Word" to be found in Central Asia. A man who has been saturated with these ideas has far deeper questions to answer than: "Que vaut la Bible?" (P. 9.)

In spite of his fair and well-stated strictures, M. Poussin is friendly, and such remarks as the following would make any author's blood circulate: "Si je m'attache au livre de M. A. J. Edmunds, ce n'est pas qu'il soit particulièrement démonstratif; mais, d'une part, les arguments qu'il présente n'ont pas encore été discutés, et, de l'autre, il y a plaisir et profit à cheminer avec lui." (P. 8.)

[The article by Suzuki is now acknowledged to be the leading authority upon the Chinese account of this Council. See La Vallée Poussin : *Les Conciles bouddhiques*, in *Le Muséon* : Louvain, 1905, p. 214.]

Buddhist and Christian Gospels. Second edition. Philadelphia, 1904, 12mo, pp. 34. [Contains reprint of *Early Christian Eulogies of Buddhism* and poem entitled *The Chinese Pilgrims at Sāvattthi*.]

The Shortness of the Primitive Buddhist Canon, as shown by the researches of Anesaki and Suzuki. (*Light of Dharma* : San Francisco, January, 1905, pp. 237-241.)

An Ancient Moslem Account of Christianity. [With a note on the Mark Appendix.] (*Monist* : Chicago, January, 1905, pp. 120-123).

The United States of America : their Dates. (Notes and Queries : London, April 29, 1905, p. 326.)

The Chinese Itivuttakam, and its Proof of Pāli Additions. (*Light of Dharma* : San Francisco, October, 1905, pp. 85-86.)

Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" in America. (Notes and Queries : London, November 18, 1905, p. 405.)

Can the Pāli Pitakas aid us in fixing the Text of the Gospels? Philadelphia, 1905, 8vo, pp. 8. [*This is a belated addition to the Historical Introduction of Buddhist and Christian Gospels*. Ernst Kuhn said of it : "Diese Parallele scheint mir sehr beachtenwert zu sein."]

The First Books Imported by America's first great Library : 1732. *Pennsylvania Magazine*, July, 1906.

Le Sagātha-vagga du Samyutta-Nikāya et ses versions chinoises. Par Masaharu Anesaki. Traduit de l'anglais, par Albert J. Edmunds. (*Le Muséon* : Louvain, 1905, 15 pages, month unknown.)

A Lay Church. *Open Court*, April, 1906, pp. 252, 253. [Account of the Free Associate Church, founded by Wm. Brockie at Sunderland, England, in 1880.]

Travelling Friends in America. (*The Friend* : Philadelphia, 6mo. 30, 1906, p. 405.)

NOW READY.

Buddhist Texts Quoted as Scripture by the Gospel of John. Philadelphia : Brix & Co., 1906.

FINAL NOTE.

In the poem *Anglo-American* which appeared in Traubel's *Conservator* (June, 1902) the name of Crowland was purposely written by me in the two ways: Crowland and Croyland. But the printer made them uniform after I had read the revised proofs. A similar outrage was committed on the last page of *Songs of Asia* (1896), where an apostrophe was inserted into *sovrán* by a printer who had never seen the word before. When printers discover that they know less than scholars, the kingdom of heaven will be here.*—A. J. E.

March, 1906.

These poems are printed at the expense of my friend Dr. George P. A. Gunther, of New York.

* The present printer, in correcting a mistake overlooked by me, remarks: "In 'Final Note' there is something about scholars and printers." But he is my guest, and is therefore immune.

